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Mrs.Mirecka, English 9, p1

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The Loud Bang

The paint is detaching off the cement, thin fragile threads of cobweb hang from the edge where the ceiling and the wall met. Sweet vanilla scented candle burn in the corner of the diminutive living room and shed the only light and warmth left in the house. A faded painting of brilliant yellow sunflowers hang crooked above the pastel couch. Ripe and brown, the soft apple lay on the dusty book shelf, untouched.

You watch the fire burn in his icy blue eyes as he throws the rust colored pot on to the ground. Million pieces of porcelain scatters around wads of cash on the grimy tile floors. Jade green algae fill the cracks amongst the grey cement tiles, where a line of black ants scurry around the miniscule piece of bread crumb, eating away. The loud thud of his fist against the table causes you to shudder in immense amount of fear.

She sits near the plastic dining table and is sobbing quietly to herself. The feeble body shakes as she pants hard and tries to catch her breath. Her eyes are shut, but this does not stop the continuous flow of tears. Fist clenched, he scuttles towards her and throws the first punch while muttering the word liar under his breath. It hit her face, hard. Beads of tears are rolling down faster and another harsh blow contacts her face, leaving streaks of red. Your bony arms are tied around the metal legs of the table, there is nothing to do but cry and plead for mercy from the merciless.

A bald ginger bearded man appears among the other two and walks slowly, dragging each pace towards her. His hands are trembling, but his eyes are cold, ruthless and deadly. The two men standing behind him has a sly and sick grin upon their filthy faces, they chuckle in excitement as the bald man is approaching her. The piercing scream floods the empty kitchen when he lifts her head up by a thick strand of hair and repeatedly slams her head violently against the table. She shrieks when her nose produces a cracking noise and blood is gushing down quickly. You know it’s coming, when the now dead silent room is greeted by a faint clicking sound then a loud ear piercing bang, one after another. You clamp your almond shaped eyes shut, hoping they won’t come for you next and they don’t. Instead her stiff lifeless body is being drag through the floor, out the back door, leaving traces of blood throughout.

A soft lullaby is in your mind now, it is the song she sang for you each night; when you lay in bed unable to fall asleep. You force yourself to smile and hum the tune of the lullaby, swaying your head back and forth rejoicing the times you had ever spent with her, your mother. The three men emerge from the back door with blood and mud covering their hands, the same man who had just killed her trudges towards you, clicking his tongue and snapping his finger.

“Humming eh? Why so happy?” He kneels down beside you and lifts your chin up and smiles, showing off his golden front tooth. Hate is bubbling inside of you and unable to control your anger, you spit at his disgusting face and continue to hum the lullaby. He curses at you and stands up almost immediately, reaching into his side pocket. A shiny metallic pocket knife is being drawn out from his worn out khakis, you tremble in fear when he places the tip of the knife against your left cheek. You shrill in pain when the sharp tip slashes across your face, causing ruby red liquid to ooze out. This time you hum the lullaby louder, because you know it’s your turn, when same clicking noise fills the air and then the loud bang.